

The Tragedie of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Conzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elshmore*.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ref. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pefant slaue am I.
Is it not monstros that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function futing
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnprègnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion linerd, and lack gall

Prince of

To make oppression bitter, or ere
I should a fatted all the region ky
With this slaues offall, bloody, ba
Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous
Why what an Assle am I, this is n
That I the sonne of a deere murt
Prompted to my reuenge by hea
Must like a whore vnpacke my h
And fall a cursing like a very dra
About my braues; hum, I haue l
That guilty creatures sitting at a
Haue by the very cunning of the
Beene strooke so to the soule, th
They haue proclaim'd their male
For murther, though it haue no
With most miraculous organ: I
Play something like the murther
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue h
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do
I know my course. The spirit th
May be a deale, and the deale hat
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea,
Out of my weakenes, and my m
As he is very potent with such sp
Abuses me to damne me; Ile ha
More relatiue then this, the play
Wherein Ile catch the conscienc

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, and others.

King. An can you by no drift
Get from him why he puts on th
Grating so harshly all his dayes o
With turbulent and dangerous l
Ref. He dooes confesse he fe
But from what cause, a will by n
Gyl. Nor doe we find him fo
But with a craftie madnes keepe
When we would bring him on r

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